LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Light in the Window.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

Late or early home returning,
In the starlight or the rain,
I beheld that lonely candle
Shining from his window-pane.
Ever o'er his tattered curtain,
Nightly looking, I could scan,
Aye inditing,
Writing—writing,
The pale figure of a man;
Still discern behind him fall
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
By dim burning of my oil,
Filling aye his rapid leaflets,
I have watched him at his toil;
Watched his broad and seamy forehead,
Watched his white industrious hand,
Ever passing
And repassing;
Watched and strove to understand
What impelled it—gold, or fame—
Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly
In the silence of my mind,
What the services he rendered
To his country or his kind;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,
Wisdom holy,
Humors lowly.
Sermon, essay, novel, song,
Or philosophy sublime,
Filled the measure of his time.

Of the mighty world of London,
He was portion unto me,
Portion of my life's experience,
Fused into my memory.
Twilight saw him at his folios,
Morning saw his fingers run,
Laboring ever,
Wearying never
Of the task he had begun:
Placid and content he seemed,
Like a man that toiled and dreamed.

No one sought him, no one knew him,
Undistinguished was his name;
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame.
Scanty fare and decent raiment,
Humble lodging, and a fire—
These he sought for,
These he wrought for,
And he gained his meek desire;
Teaching men by written word—
Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him;
Still might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his lattice—
Lay no shadow on his wall.
In the winter of his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
'Mid his writing,
And inditing,
Death had beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless
Left behind him projects large,
Schemes of progress undeveloped,
Worthy of a nation's charge;
Noble actions uncompleted,
Germs of beauty immatured,
Only needing
Kindly feeding
To have flourished and endured;
Meet reward in golden store
To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?
What we lose, because we honor
Overmuch the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head?
Or perchance, when kinder grown,
Leaving it to die—alone?

A Life Episode.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Of which the reader may believe just as much as he chooses—though for my part I believe it all. Not its mere outside garb—the drapery in which we pen-artists enfold our model-truths, which we may arrange exactly as we please—but the deep world-wide verity of human feeling that lies beneath, and is eternally the same.

The man whose life-episode I purpose here to enfold, was one whom you might have met any day in a London street, park, or omnibus, and not have known that he was different from other men. Perhaps, reader, when you peruse this episode you will be astonished that I thus take from its hero every romantic accessory that could throw a halo around him, and reconcile in a degree the strange mingling of real and ideal which overshadows him. I might have clothed him in a Roman toga, instead of plain broadcloth. I might have placed his existence in the dark ages where mysteries abounded. But, no!—life is as true, as earnest; as full of wild romance and deep spirituality in these so-called matter-of-fact days as in those upon which we look back through the all-hallowing shadows of the past. Is not the inward life of every one a mystery?—The poet whom you meet looking just like any other man—ready to dine, to talk about the weather or the state of Europe; yet the next day, when in your solitude you glance over his silent page—the inner depths of whose heart, mingling with yours, lift your soul into communion with the Infinite. The artist with whom you may shake hands and interchange ordinary chat; and anon, looking at whose work, you become transported into the glorious ideal world which his genius has created, in which "the shadowy people of the realm of dream" grow visible. Are not these things mysterious:—aye, as deep and strange as were ever dealt in by necromancers of old?

Therefore let the reader not start at the contrast which may jar against his sense of the supernatural when I take for my hero a man of this age in every respect. His name is—no, he shall have a feigned name; the same as the mournful mother-queen Marguerite gave to her new-born babe at Damietta—Tristan. It suits well,—for this man was one most sorrowful. Let him, then be Tristan.

He was a man weighed down by cares: what these were it is needless here to relate. You may meet as I have said, his likeness many a time in London streets; and in the faded dress, the heavy listless gait,—the eye which never seeks the sky but always the ground,—as if there alone were rest—you may recognize a brother to whom life has been full of thorns. Oh, be thankful and rejoice if your hand has planted none for him or for his fellows?

Tristan walked along in the soft sunny light of a June evening:—a time most joyous in country lanes and fields, but in London bringing only sadness. He passed through the dull close West-End streets—where the heated air was never stirred by one fresh evening breeze, and not a shade of the glorious sunset was visible save one faint golden sparkle on a church tower near. Tristan saw neither gloom nor light. His eyes were blinded—his heart was pressed down—with misery.

He found himself crossing the green sward towards the Serpentine River. It glittered in the sun-light, like a beacon;—and his eyes were opened now. He saw it; he would have rushed towards it with the speed of a hunted deer flying to a distant shelter,—but he dared not. It seemed as if every passer by cried out to him—"Man, whither goest thou?"

The answer to that question belonged not to time, but to eternity.

Tristan felt as if each eye were directed to him in this mute inquiry—which, look where he would, he could not escape. There was not a lady who went whistling past, not a milliner girl tripping lightly with her burden, that did not seem in this man's disordered fancy to be an accusing spirit, knowing his purpose and taunting him with it. To elude this, he went a long way round—and reached the bridge just when the sun had set. He tried to lounge upon it as he saw other people do, watching the cockney-Waltonians who pursued their harmless amusement in the twilight. His eyes rested on each tiny float; and his wandering thoughts followed the line down, down, to the deep bed of the river. What was *there?*

He could not answer that:—He hardly tried. All that he felt was, that it must be a place of stillness, and coldness, and silence:—he sought nothing more. Even the blueness which the still bright sky cast within it was painful; he wanted it dark—all dark. He could not enter the portals of that home while a ray of light rested on them—while one worldly sound broke above them. There was yet near him a murmur of boyish talk and laughter, and a robin sang in one of the distant trees. He would wait—wait until night and its stars should be the only witnesses of the great change.

Tristan sat down under the parapet of the bridge. A man passed by, and looked at him seeming to wonder what he was doing there. So he took out of his pocket a biscuit and pretended to eat. Then a woman crossed, leading a sickly child—who gazed wistfully at the food. Tristan gave his morsel to the famished boy.

'Now the world owes me more than it would fain bestow—a crust of bread!' thought he: and he felt a savage pride in the reflection.

Colder and darker came on the night,—and Tristan waited still. A dreaminess, a torpor seemed to cramp his energies, making them unequal even to that last effort of all. A mist was over his eyes; yet still he saw through its gathering folds the dark waving ghostly trees—the stars overhead and the calm rippling waves below.

As, uncertain still, he seemed to lean over the parapet, he felt it give way. A shudder—an unconscious and vain effort to spring back—and the waters had drawn him in. The terrible refuge which he sought had of itself opened its doors to receive him—and there was no retreat!

As in dreams we sometimes feel ourselves plunging deeper and deeper into an abyss which we know to be fathomless and yet experience no terror, no pain—So Tristan sank. He seemed to feel the cool dark waters above him, around him, folding him in an embrace which he knew was that of death—and yet the parting of soul and body brought no agony. He thought it would have been a terrible pang; but it felt only like the loosening of a burthen—the putting off of a robe. He would not believe in the reality of the immortal change.

Tristan felt himself rising up—up to the surface of the river. A faint idea haunted him that it was always so with the drowning; whom the wave tauntingly casts forth once or twice,—giving a chance of life before it swallows them in forever. He might have one more sight of the real world, before entering into the land of shadows, on whose verge he stood. He could not reconcile to himself the truth that he had already passed through the eternal gate—for he had yet powers of thought and sense. He heard the murmur of the little waves—and saw the stars shining through the waters.

He reached the surface—he resolved to make one struggle and raise himself from that dark abyss. But there was no need. As easily as a winged thought, Tristan felt himself disengaged from the waters and floating above them with the lightness of a bird. Then he knew that the mysterious change had indeed passed over him—that he was no longer a living man, but a spirit.

And there, wafted powerlessly to and fro by the eddies of the river with a motion that awfully simulated life, lay the thing which had been Tristan! The soul shuddered as it looked upon that dead form:—it knew then what was the guilt of Murder. Aye, though this had been its own mortal dwelling place which it had destroyed, or wished to destroy, still it was murder! How dared he to darken with that terrible glazed stare the orbs into which but three hours ago beloved and most loving eyes had looked, seeing there a reflected image—knowing well that as that image dwelt in his eyes so it dwelt in his heart, and blest that knowledge?—to cast among the dark weeds the bright hair where her fingers had a right to stray,—the lips which hers had a right to press? Oh! it was a sin, a deadly sin; and he—the spirit of the dead Tristan—felt it to be so, now. Parted from its mortality—from that chain which by the might of the senses had dragged it down from all higher impulses,—the soul knew wherein it had erred. Yet something of the selfishness of its earthly nature encumbered it still.

'It was a bitter and a heartless world to me!' thought he—for the spirit of Tristan was Tristan still;—'I ever sought for good therein, and found none. My friends tempted me with kindness, and left me to starve; my very flesh and blood set their faces against me; I doubted Love itself—and had I not cause? And now, what soul is there living that thinks of the one this night thrust into the dark land of nothingness? Would I knew.'

And with that desire came the knowledge of all the power that is possessed by a disembodied spirit. The shadow floated on the wings of the night over the sleeping city; and found itself at the entrance of a house to which Tristan had crept not twelve hours before—a blot of insignificant misery on its threshold—a butt for the underlings' ill concealed scorn. So deemed he then—and a rejoicing pride thrilled through the spirit now, as, defying all human power, all bars of pomp and ceremony; he passed into the innermost chamber. The man he sought sat there, with his wife by his side.

Tristan had never seen that face but when its lines were made harsh by the pressure of worldly cares. He could hardly believe it was the same that now wore a pleasant, kindly smile—or that the voice which now chatted about lively domestic nothings was the very tone that sounded so cautious and severe among the array of ledgers and cheque books in a little dark office. Yet there they were; the cold man of business and his fashionable wife, looking contented, home-like, affectionate—talking together after the day was done. Even among the dazzling splendors of that luxurious abode shone the little glow-worm lamp of domestic love.

The lady was taking out her watch—'My dear, I think we have had talk enough for to-night. Only before we go to bed I just wanted to know about that poor young man who came as we were going out to dinner.—Tristan, was it not?'

'Yes: the wild scapegrace of a fellow—so proud, there is no doing anything for him. And yet I would help him if I could, for his dead father's sake.'

'What did he come for?'

'I could hardly make out; for he stopped me in the hall, and I told him to come to-morrow, for I was busy (and you know Emma, how that matter of poor Williamson's bankruptcy had occupied me all day). But young Tristan spoke so fiercely—almost threateningly—that it vexed me; and I told him he had better not call again until he could treat with civility the best friend he had.'

'Poor fellow! perhaps he was in want,' said the lady gently; 'he looked wild and haggard as he darted past the carriage.'

'I never thought of that. Dear me! I wish now that I had waited a minute. But he has a brother pretty well off in the world, who would keep him from poverty.'

'But you will do something for him, Edward?'

'Certainly, my love. I intended to speak to Hill & Venables next week, about a vacancy they have in their office. I will go there to-morrow. Poor Tristan! His father was a good man. I should be sorry for any harm to come to the boy,—though he is rather headstrong.'

Self-convicted, Tristan lingered hearkening to the last echoes of that compassionate voice. Then, with a thrill of remorse that ran like an arrow of conscience through his spiritual frame, he fled away.

Through the still moonlight that made long shadows in the streets the spirit wandered, itself as impalpable. It floated over the same scenes which Tristan's mortal feet had traversed:—but now, no jarring sounds of worldly traffic broke the holy quiet. A watchman's heavy footfall resounded along the pavement. When he had gone by, a woman with a child crawled to the same door-steps and crouched down.

When the man came past again, she crept back into the shadow; but he perceived her and asked what she was doing there. The tone was hardly so rough as he used in the day-time.

'I have not been drinking,—indeed, Sir, I have not,' was the faint answer; 'but I've had no food to-day except a biscuit that a poor gentleman in the Park gave my boy. We divided it between us.'

'Poor soul!' said the watchman, searching in his pocket; here is half a loaf and some cheese. I can do without my breakfast once in a way. Only do'nt lie there any longer good woman; for there'll be somebody else passing soon, and it is'nt far to the station-house.'

'God reward you, Sir,' said the woman. 'The world is much better than people say; I have always found it so. Eat, little Johnny, and be patient. It is not long till morning.'

It is not long till morning! Oh! what a deep lesson of endurance was in those words of the poor desolate wanderer. And he—the spirit who now with his opened eyes and ears listened—had in his lifetime reviled the world; struggled in its darkness, nor waited meekly for the dawn that would surely come at last. He who, though poor, had never wanted a meal—who, though wretched, had found in his wretchedness the blessed balm of love—who, though friendless, had never been altogether desolate—he had shrunk from his despair like a coward—while this lonely forsaken one lived patiently on, enduring to the end.

Tristan's spirit yearned repentantly over the very world which he had in his bitterness contemned. It was of God's creating, and the smile of divinity rested on it yet. With all its harshness, its coldness, its sufferings, it was still a blessed world.

On, on, over myriads of human spirits that the bosom of the night-stilled city enfolded, did the spirit of Tristan pass—resting with none until he came to a small, neat, suburban dwelling. When last he crossed its threshold, it had been with wild anger in his heart and a curse on his lips. From that threshold seemed yet to ring the parting words of strife.

'Brother Tristan, I have been careful and you a spendthrift. Every man ought to think of himself first:—you were too great a fool to do that. I shall not help you any more. You may stop here one night more, and then you must turn out and work in the street—or starve there, if you like it better.'

And the terrible answer had been, 'No, but I will die, and bring Cain's curse upon your head.'

Could it be that the very roses which now slept their still and fragrant sleep under the moon-lit porch had ever been shaken by the breath of such words as these!

The spirit of Tristan stood in his brother's chamber—self justifying even now. For the man slept as peacefully as though his mother's son had still lain within a few yards of him in the little closet from which he used to call when, boy-like, they talked together half the long summer night. He had no thought of that dark, weed-tangled mass, floating beneath the stars.

But a little while, and the sleeper stirred, His breathing grew thick, and his forehead's veins were knotted, while incoherent words came from his lips.

'Tristan; you are a dolt: I always was master—I always will be: there be a good lad; don't resist, and I'll play with you again. Ha, ha!'

And the almost boyish laughter showed how many years that world-worn man had re-traversed in his dream; Again he murmured, though in a changed tone:

'Father, don't say I ill-used him. Tristan must take care of himself. Well, well, we are brothers, as you say. Dear father, only live a little longer, and I will treat him much better, I will indeed! Now father, be content; I promise—I do promise! Tristan give me your hand.—It freezes me. Ah!'

And the sleeping man leaped out of his bed, and awoke in terror.

'What a fool I have been,' he muttered, as he vainly tried to re-assure himself that he had merely been dreaming. 'But it is only because that stupid Tristan put me in such a passion. By-the-bye, I wonder if he has come in yet. His temper must be cooled by this time. Hollo, Tristan,' called he, opening the room door.

There was no answer—so he went to see. A strange fear oppressed that once cold-hearted man as he saw the empty chamber. The threat which he had scorned as idle words, rang in his ear like a warning from the grave. He trembled and sat down on the bed.

'I hope the silly boy has done himself no harm. Yet he was always passionate and desperate. I wish I had not said what I did. God forgive me if any evil comes to that poor lad!'

He drew aside the window-curtain: the first streak of dawn already mingled with the moonlight.

'The fellow must be drinking,' he tried to think. 'Yet I don't think he had a shilling. Besides, he was always sober enough. Poor Tristan! I wish he would come home',

The man lay down again—not in his own room, but in his brother's He thought he could sooner hear the street door open when there. He lay—listening to every breath—until he could rest no longer, Each sigh of the morning breeze that arose and shook the casement seemed to cry out to him like the voice of the haunted Cain—'O, man, where is thy brother?'

When the daylight came the spirit of the drowned man hovered over that man as he hurried out with a face as white as death. Those shadowy arms would fain have encircled his neck, that air-voice would have whispered, 'Brother, my brother! let us forgive one another:' but it was too late. Death had stepped in between them, and shut the gate of reconciliation forever.

The winged soul threaded the gray shadows of early dawn as swiftly as the yet unawaked sunbeams. The first stirrings of life had already disturbed the quiet of the great city, but in its gloomiest recesses somewhat of the freshness and peace of night lingered still. It was in an upper chamber in the darkest of these streets which desolate poverty seems to haunt like a spectre, that the spirit of Tristan rested.

Its sole occupant was a young woman. You could not call her a girl, for the freshness of girlhood no longer tinted the thin, worn cheek; nor had the outside show of fine-ladyism replaced the pure womanliness of her face and mien. She had thrown herself on the bed, all dressed as she was, after what seemed to have been a long vigil; for the faint glimmer of the expiring candle yet struggled with the encroaching light of morning.

'And she, too, can sleep—such a sound, peaceful, happy sleep?' sighed the spirit. 'Even now, there is in her heart no memory of Tristan!'

It was not so: for on a little table lay the letter to write which she had sat up half the night—a night when every hour was so precious to one who toiled all day in the weary life of a governess.

'Why did you leave me in such anger?' ran this mute record of vain tenderness. 'Tristan—my heart's joy—my only comfort in this world—how could you say I loved you not? Must I tell you over and over again for how many, many years my whole soul was filled with you; how that from girlhood to womanhood I have lived but to make myself worthy of you—lived through change and hopelessness and world-sorrows, still keeping my heart pure and strong with the sinple thought that I might one day be your wife. And yet, when you ask me to take that blessed name, because I dare not answer to the cry of your despair you say I never loved you! What are your words? 'Maud, the world and fate are against our union. Let us thwart them: let us marry, and then die.' And when I answered to that wild daring of misery with words of patience, you took the denial they implied as springing not from prudent love but cold contempt. Tristan, you said I scorned you because you were poor! But I will not think more of that bitterness, which was wrung only from your despair. Listen to me my dearest! If we are so poor that we must wait until the time of grey hairs before we can have one home and one name, still I *will wait*. I would rather work until old age, and live and die your betrothed, than wed the richest man in England. And you, Tristan, take courage! Life is never hopeless to those who have youth and health and mind. I will watch you rise, step by step, in the world—my love shall cheer you and give you strength. You cannot fail—you *shall not* fail! My own! my husband that will be! you do not know how strong love is—how much it can endure and be conqueror at last. Come to me to-morrow, and let us forgive one another. I know that I am very dear to you:—but, Tristan, you are all in all to the heart of Maud.'

An agony of despairing love, more terrible than human heart could feel or human tongue describe, appeared to convulse the airy frame of the spirit. Its term of wandering over, it felt dragged down, down, down, through storms and lightning and darkness, to the region of the dead. A cry of fearful anguish burst from it—and the spell was broken? All had been a dream!

Tristan awoke, and found himself lying under the parapet of the bridge in the misty light of dawn.

Humbled to the meekness of childhood did that pride-tempted man rain his tears in the dust, and bless the sleep, with its strange dream-peopled mystery which had saved his soul from the doom of a suicide.

Tristan went home. Under the rose-porch stood his brother; who uttered an exclamation of joy, ran forward and stopped—

'Where have you been, young scapegrace? I was a fool to make myself so uncomfortable about you.'

But Tristan felt, and returned, the hand's warm clasp, and saw there was a quivering in the thin lips. Peace and forbearance healed all strife between the brothers, now. Both had learnt Life's lesson in one night.

In the evening light Maud's arms were round Tristan's neck, and her tears were falling on his bosom.

But in his joy there was a solemnity—a quietude which showed that a change had come over him.

Many years after, when he chanced to be walking with his wife in the same spot, he told her of that marvellous dream,

Maud, in her holy woman's faith, doubted not one word. But while with a shudder that she could not repress, she crept closer to her husband, her eyes were uplifted and her lips moved in a thankful prayer.

'Life is full of mysteries!' she murmured.

From "Festus."

We women have four seasons, like the year.
Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days,
When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;
Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill
Of being loved by those whom we love not.
Summer is when we love and are beloved,
And seems short; from its very splendor seems
To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.
Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hand,
And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks,
Goes wantoning about us day and night,
And winter is when those we love have perished;
For the heart ices then. And the next spring
Is in another world.

"What eagles are we still
In matters which belong to other men!
What beetles in our own.—*Chapman.*

Dr. Channing on Music.

I am no musician and I want a good ear, and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul which lie beyond other influences, and has sometimes given me a pleasure which I may have found in nothing else. * * An instinct has always led me to transfer it to Heaven. * * There seems to be a breaking out of a musical spirit among us, and to a people so inclined to the positive and precise, good must come from an infusion of this more etherial presence. * You speak (he writes to an English friend) of popular music springing up in your country. I want the common people to be refined and instructed, and believe that music will do them more good than much of the arid, dead knowledge now communicated to them.

The Model Waiter.

Every Model Waiter is single, of course. What time has he to make love, excepting to the cook, and she is hot-tempered and cross, as all tavern-cooks are; and he has far too many spoons to look after, to think of increasing his responsibilities with a family of children.

He is always "Coming! coming!" but rather, like the auctioneer, he is always "Going! going! gone!" for he no sooner jerks out "Coming!" than he bolts out of the room. Ask him for his name. It is "Bob," or "Charles." The Waiter never has a surname. He takes his dinner how he can, off the sideboard, or a chair in the passage. If he is very busy he has no dinner at all. He approaches his plate to steal a mouthful, when fifty shouts of "Waitar!" call him away. Of many contending cries, he attends to that of 'Money' first.

The Model Waiter never says *I*. He is quite editorial, and always says *We*—as, "*We're* very full at present, Sir. *We* had two hundred dinners yesterday, Sir, and three hundred and thirty-five suppers. *We* consume one hundred and sixty-nine rabbits regularly every night, Sir." He puts a 'Sir' on to every thing, and an odd penny, if the same comes to an exact shilling. "Chop? yes, Sir, sixpence. Potatoes? yes, Sir, tuppence. Beer? exactly Sir, tuppence; and Bread? yes, Sir, makes tenpence; and tuppence makes thirteenpence—precisely one and a penny, Sir." His favorite word is 'nice.' He recommends "a *nice* chop with a *nice* glass of half-and-half;" or he says, "You'll find that a nice glass of port, Sir;" or, "It's the nicest breast he ever saw." He can unravel the mysteries of *Bradshaw*, without turning over every one of the tables two or three times; and he knows all the playbills of the evening by heart. He never calls a slice of Stilton "*a* cheese."

He is impartial in the distribution of the "paper," and gives the middle sheet invariably to him who has eaten the most dinners in the house. He shows no favor, either, with the evening papers, but awards them first to those who are drinking wine, to the spirits next, whilst to the beer he gives the Supplement of yesterday's *Times*.

His shoes are perfect fellows, with upright heels, and the strings are carefully tied; and his handkerchief so white, it would do credit to a pet person in the heart of Belgravia. He has "everything in the house till you cross examine him, when the "everything" sinks down to a "nice chop or tender steak, Sir." The joint is always in "very good cut," and has only been up these two minutes. He is mute for a penny, says "Thank ye, Sir," for twopence, and helps on your coat for every thing above it. Politics have no charm for him, and he never looks at a paper, excepting when he is waiting for the last customer, and is tired of killing flies. The only news that interest him are the "Want Places," and the pictures. He is good-humored, and laughs at any joke, even those of a Fast Man. A stranger in his vocabulary is a "party." He talks of persons according to the boxes they sit in, and cuts down all gentlemen to "gents." He is not mean with his mustard or vinegar cruets, and does not hide them in a dark corner. He carries a lofty pillar, quite a falling-tower, of plates, without dropping any thing out of them, and does not spill the gravy down an old gentleman's neck. If any thing is done to rags, or to a cinder, or under-done, or not done at all—if the punch is as weak as water, or there's too much sugar in it, or it's as sour as a pew-opener, he bears it all with unruffled meekness, and only begins wiping down the table with his napkin. If the wine is too old, or too young, or too fruity, or too tawny, his waiter's fine instinct tells him at once what the gentleman will like, and he rushes out furiously in a waiter's gallop to get it, and returns with something that elicits, "Ah! that's just the thing." However, as a general rule, the port has never been less than ten years in bottle. The cigars, too, are imported direct from Havannah, and cost us full 32s. a pound, Sir. We do not clear a farthing by them, Sir.

The Model Waiter very seldom has a holliday. If he does, it is to see some other waiter, or to assist a friend at some grand dinner in a nobleman's family. His life vibrates between the kitchen and the parlor, and he never sits down from morning till long past midnight. He attempts to doze sometimes, but the loud chorus of "We won't go home till morning!" wakes him up, and he execrates in his heart the monster who ever composed that song; it must have been some wretch, he is sure, who owed a long score to an unfortunate waiter, who had sued him for it. He makes a faint effort to turn off the gas, but is repulsed with an unanimous call for "more kidneys." It is not wouderful, therefore, if in the morning he yawns over the knives and forks, and drops several involuntary tears whilst replenishing the mustard-pot.

After wearing out innumerable pairs of shoes, a Testimonial is got up for the Model Waiter by the "Gents of his Room," and they present him with a full-length portrait of himself, "as a slight token of their warm appreciation of his unfailing civility, cheerful demeanor, and uniform attention during a term of forty years." This testimonial represents him in the act of drawing the cork of one of the ten years' bottles of port for a party of gentlemen who are sitting in a box in the corner of the picture, and who are portraits of Messrs. Brown, Robinson, rnd Smith, three of the oldest chop eaters of the house! It is hung in a glittering frame over the mantelpiece of the room, in and out of which he has been running for the last forty years, and becomes the property of the establishment, there being a special clause let in the frame, that it is never to be removed from the room. The Model Waiter, however, has been saving a little fortune of pennies during his long career of chops and steaks—his only extravagances having been the washing of his white handkerchiefs and Berlin gloves every now and then on state occasions—and he purchases, in his grey old age, the business of his landlord, takes unto himself the pretty barmaid as his wife, and dies without having once been fined for keeping open half a minute after twelve on a Saturday night, or serving a pint of beer on Sundays during the hours of divine service. His portrait still hangs over the mantelpiece as a moral public-house sign to all future waiters, that, to become landlords, they have only to keep in view the Model Waiter.—*Punch.*

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—*J. Taylor.*

Avarice.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

The Queen-Bee.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, FROM THE GERMAN OF GRIMM.

Two king's sons once went out into the world to seek adventures; but they soon fell into a wild and riotous life, and never came home again. After a time the youngest son, who was called Dummling, went out to look for his brothers; but when he found them, they only laughed at him for thinking that such a simpleton as he could fight his way in the world, whilst they who were so much cleverer could not get on. However they all travelled on together, and at length came to an ant-hill. The two eldest brothers wanted to dig it up, to see how the little ants would run about in their fright, and carry off their eggs. But Dummling said, "Let the little creatures alone; I will not have you disturb them." Then they went further, and came to a lake, upon which there were many, many ducks swimming about. The two brothers wished to catch a couple and roast them; but Dummling again said, "Leave the poor things in peace; I will not let you kill them." At length they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran down the side of the tree. The two brothers would have set fire to the tree, and killed the bees, so that they might take away the honey; but Dummling again stopped them and said, "Leave the poor bees in peace; I will not have you burn them."

Then the three brothers come to a castle, and in the stables they saw many horses; but all were of stone. No one was to be seen, and they went on and on through all the rooms, until they came to a door at the furthest end, upon which hung three locks. In the middle of the door was a little wicket, through which they could peep into the chamber. There they saw a little grey man sitting at a table, and they called to him again and again; but he did not hear. At last they called a third time; then he got up from his seat and came out. He did not speak a word, but took them by the hand, and led them to a table covered with all sorts of good things. And when they had eaten and drunk their fill, he took each one to his own sleeping room.

The next morning the little man came to the eldest brother, beckoned to him, and led him to a stone-table, whereon were written three tasks, by which the castle might be disenchanted. The first was as follows, "In the wood beneath the moss lie hid the pearls of the king's daughter, a thousand in number: these must be sought; and if at sunset a single one is missing, he who searched shall be turned to stone." The eldest of the brothers sallied forth, and looked about all day long for the pearls; but when evening came he had not found more than an hundred; so it came to pass as was written on the table, and he was turned into stone. On the following day, the second brother undertook the task; but he had not much better luck than the eldest, for he found only two hundred pearls, and so he was changed to stone. At last came Dummling's turn. He searched and searched about in the moss, but, alas! the pearls were hard to find, and the work went slowly on. Then he sat down upon a stone and began to cry. And whilst he was sitting thus, up came the ant-king, whose life he had saved, with a troop of five thousand ants, and in a very short time the little creatures had found all the pearls and dragged them together in a heap.

Now the second task was, to fetch the key of the princess's chamber from the bottom of a lake. When Dummling came to the lake, the ducks, which he had before saved, came swimming up to him, dived to the bottom, and fetched up the key. The third task, however, was the hardest one—to find out the youngest and best of the three sleeping daughters of the king. But they were all exactly alike and in no way differed from one another, except that, before falling asleep, they had eaten of different sweets—the eldest a piece of sugar, the second a little treacle, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then came the queen-bee, which Dummling had saved from the fire, and tasted the lips of all the three; at last she settled upon the lips of the one who had eaten the honey, and thus the king's son knew the right princess. Then the spell was broken; all were awakened out of sleep, and those who had been changed to stone now returned to their proper form. Dummling married the youngest and best daughter, and became king after her father's death: but his two brothers married the two other sisters.

Character of Ben Jonson.

As for Jonson, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language and humor also, in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he had not translated in "Sejanus" and "Cataline." But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only a victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated, almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his "Discoveries," we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.—*Dryden.*

The Angel Watcher.

A daughter watched at midnight,
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had no rest,
And many tears were shed:
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
"Sleep, duteous child," the angel sa
"And I will watch for thee!"

Sweet slumber, like a blessing, fell
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not
But gently took her place.
And oh, so full of *human* love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown:—
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own,
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl;—
A something in that angel's face
Seemed *sister* to the girl!

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen;
The earthly and the spiritual
With death's pale face between.
O human love, what strength like thine!
From thee those prayers arise
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold,
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtained bed—
The still and sickly room:
"My daughter?—art thou there, my child,
O, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

"If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried;
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide;
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"
The angel kissed her; and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound,
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms!—
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace—
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

Female Exercise and Costume.

Extract of a letter from Grace Greenwood.

Apropos of out-door exercises and amusements, I see that many proper people of the press, are being cruelly shocked and making much ado about the masculinized costume which Mrs. Fanny Butler is pleased to assume for her morning rambles through the dells and over the hills of Massachusetts. Now, it is my opinion that the present fashion of female dress is the cause of so many of us failing to take that out-door exercise which is so absolutely essential to vigorous health. For country walks and climbs, nothing could be so annoyingly inconvenient and unneat as our long dresses, light skirts, thin shoes and fancy bonnets.

This is surely not a right state of things, and I for one would advocate a reform most seriously and earnestly. Why might not we adopt a costume somewhat like the bathing-dress we wear on the sea-shore—loose Turkish trowsers, a tunic or blouse, a black belt, and broad-brimmed straw hat, with the addition of thick boots and a light cane. This, with a tasteful choice of material, might be made a very piquante, picturesque and page-like costume, without infringing greatly on the reserved rights of the other sex. And then look at its infinite advantages over our usual dress, in clambering over rocks, following over trout-streams, making way through thick forests and over marshy places, or in braving the sun in the meadows.

Medical men have again and again decided that regular exercise in the open air is of incalculable benefit to woman—is absolutely necessary to her physical well-being. It is our keeping ourselves pewed up in close rooms, with too much domestic care and labor on hands, which is giving to our country an entire generation of pale, complaining, nervous, or to use the word of a plain old friend, "*fidgity*" women. It is this Mohammedan retirement, this soft, feminine shrinking from the bold and healthful exercises of their English sisters, which renders the beauty of fair Americans so proverbially ephemeral.

Beauty is no fragile, rouged and powdered ball-room belle; but a wild, blooming, vigorous nymph of the mountains—a bounding, sparkling Undine, amid green dells and dashing waterfalls. Her eye flashes not back the garish brilliance of the gay saloon, but warm sunshine and clear starlight; and her voice is not tuned to the harp and guitar, but sings with the wild-bird and laughs with the rivulet.—Hebe herself was no luxurious habitant of a marble palace, with silken couches and velvet carpets—but reclined beneath the shade and danced amid the dews and morning splendors of the sacred mountain of the gods. The Muses and Graces were all young ladies of rural propensities and most unrefined habits. Diana was a regular Die Vernon—Minerva was green as well as blue, and even Aphrodite was a wild, ungoverned, *outre* half-savage creature, with nothing but her beauty for her passport into polite society.

But to drop our classics—Fanny Butler is not alone in donning masculine habiliments. I am told that a young and lovely daughter of one of the present Scottish Earls, is in the habit of accompanying her father in his summer expeditions among the Highlands, attired in a couple sportsman's or tourists suit, the only dress wearable in that wild, rough region.

If Mrs. Butler, seeing the necessity of such a costume, for such a purpose, has the courage to adopt it, I honor her, though I may not have the spirit to emulate her. I confess that I am not yet brave enough to breast the tide of popular prejudice for any but a great object—to render myself famous by an *outre*, even though it be a meritorious line of conduct. Still, to introduce any reform in dress as in morals, *some one* must submit to a kind of social martyrdom.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

A Pewterer

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him as a pewterer is to his neighbors. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within the sphere of his activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an ear-wig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.—*Samuel Butler.*